of these mad wenches, and their workes.

Tra. I will,

Row & do thy worst.

Tra. Something ile doe

Row Doe Tranio. — Exeunt

Enter Pedro & Iaques.

Pedro. A paire of stocks bestride 'em, are they gone?

Iaques. Yes, they are gone, and all the pans ith towne
beating before 'em; what strange admonitions
they gaue my Mr. and how fearefully
they threatend if he broke em,

Ped. A my conscience;
'has found his full match now.

Iaq. That I beleeue to.

Ped. How did she entertaine him,

Iaq. She lookt on him,

Ped. But scurvily

Iaq. faith with no great affection
that I saw, and I heard some say she kist him,
but 'twas vpon a treatie, and some copies
say but her cheek

Ped. faith Iaques what wouldst thou giue
for such a wife now?

Iaq. full as manie prayers
as the most Zealous puritane conceiues
out of the meditation of fat veale,
or birds of prey, cramd capons, against players,
and to as good a tune to; but against her,
that heauen would bless me from her; marke it Pedro
if this house be not turnd within this fortnight
with the foundation vpward, I'le be carted.

my comfort

My comfort is yet, that these Amorites
that came to back her cause, those heathen whores
had their hoods hallowd with sacke.

Ped. How deuelish drunke they were.

Iaq. And how they tumbled, Pedro; didst marke
the countrie Cauetero?

Ped. Out vpon her
how she turnd downe the Bragett.

Iaq. I that sunck her.

Pedro. That drinke was well put to her: what a Summersett
when the chaire fell, she fetcht, with her heeles vpward;

Iaq. And what a peece of landship she discouerd

Pedro. Didst marke her when her hood fell in the possett.

Iaq. Yes, and there rid, like a dutch hoy, the tumbrell
when she had gott her ballasse.

Pedro. That I saw too.

Iaques. How fayne she would haue drawne on Sophocles
to come abord, and how she simperd it.

Pedro I warrant her she has been a worthy striker.

Iaq. I'th heate of Summer there had been some hope on't,
for then old woemen are coole cellars.

Pedro. Hang her.

Iaq. She offerd him a Harry groat, and belcht out
her stomack being blown with ale; such courtship
vpon my life has giuen him twenty stooles since,
beleeue my calculation, these old woemen
when they are tippld, and a little heated
are like new wheeles, they'le rore you all the towne ore.
till they be greazd.

Pedro. The City cinque-a-pace,
Dame tost and butter had her bob too.

Iaques.